

## FROM CAMP LEWIS TO A FRENCH COAST TOWN HOSPITAL AND A STRENUOUS TIME AT THE FRONT

The following interesting outline of events from Camp Lewis to a hospital in a French coast town, including strenuous service at the front, was written by Corporal Bruce Hoyt of Co. E. 361st Infantry 91st Division:

Guiberon, France, Nov. 24, 1918.

Dear Dad:—Well, Dad, as this is Dad's day I will try and tell you all that has taken place since I last saw you, but this is all the paper I have so it will have to be brief.

We made it across the states in 5 days and were camped at Camp Merritt, N. J., until July 6th, when we sailed for "somewhere." There were fifteen ships in all. We were eleven days on the water and landed at Glasgow, Scotland. Stayed there over night, then started for the southern end of England by train, which only took us one day and our destination was South Hampton. Stayed there one night then took a boat for France arriving at LaHarve after one night on the water.

At LaHarve we stopped two days and one night in one of those swell rest camps and I am glad I haven't had another such rest since that. From there we took a train to our training camp "Is en Bisigny", a little place of about 500, but this train, I must tell you about that. We rode in "frog" box-cars and on the outside of each car it said "forty men or eight horses." Well, there was only thirty-nine of us in my car and all had full equipment. I think the cars were about seven feet by twenty feet for I could fall down three times and be at the other end easy. We were on that train for two days and nights. I was sleeping once but went to look out the door and when I wanted to return to my bed, it wasn't there, so I had to stand up until some one else looked out the door. Well, when that trip did come to an end we had an 18-mile hike in front of us and it was hot as h—, but we made it all O. K.

We stayed in "Is en Bisigny" until about the first of September when we started for the front. There's not much to tell from there on as all the country looks the same.

Our first position was at St. Mihiel, but we were in reserve there and did not get to see any of the mix-up. That was on September 12.

From there we moved by truck and foot to a front about fifteen miles west of Verdun and arrived there the 19th and it was that day I saw my first shell break. We were resting in what remained of a little village and also waiting for darkness so we could move up a little closer. It was about 5 p. m. and we were all eating when all at once bang! bang! bang! Three 3-inch shells landed right in town. The closest one was about 150 yards. No one was hurt but there was a few who thought so for a few minutes.

We stayed in the woods two miles from that town until the 24th, when we started for the real thing. We moved up, and on the morning of the 26th about 3 a. m. the big thing started. Take all the bass drums in town and put them in one bunch and give them double time beat and you will have a faint idea of that barrage. She was some noisy. Well at 6 a. m. we got orders to move forward. My battalion was in reserve again, so I was about 1000 yards in the rear and did not get to see much that day only what the first wave had done. I wish you could have seen those hun trenches and dug-outs, and they had some good ones too, reinforced concrete.

Well, we worked along all that day and the 27th we were in support, but about 6 p. m. on the 26th I was almost put out of working order by a shell fragment. This shell broke about 20 feet from where I was standing and a piece of it the size of an egg missed my bean eight inches and struck a stone wall right back of me (must find some more paper; I can't stop now. I made the raise.)

Well this piece hit and scattered

a few small pieces of rock but that was all. I had a lot of respect for a shell after that and learned that a shell 20 feet away was harmless so long as I had my head below the level of the ground.

The night of the 27th we slept, some didn't but I did, on a side hill which was under fire all night. It was just outside the town of "Very." On the morning of the 28th it was our turn on the front line. I had charge of sixteen men and our duty was to keep in touch with the outposts on our flanks and rear, and she was some job. We chased the yellow pups somewhere around five miles the three days. From then on, and on the 28th it was hard going as we were held up by machine guns and snipers. We would have to wait until the snipers were located or a one pounder turned loose on the machine gun nests. Some of them were captured by rushing but that was costly business sometimes.

The night of the 28th we moved to a new position. We hiked until 2 p. m. and it was raining cats and dogs and no overcoats or slickers. From 12 until daylight we were kept busy "digging" in, and I had to dig with my mess kit as I had lost my shovel, but nothing happened that night, only a few shells but we were used to them then.

Sunday, the 29th, we were in reserve again, and believe me we sure caught some artillery fire that day as our guns were right in the rear of us and of course drew the hun fire.

The last time I saw Ace was about 20 minutes before I was hit. He was in charge of a platoon at the time. Some boy, Ace. Lots of sand and he was all man. I don't know how he came through, for I have never heard from my company. I can't remember seeing Faber after we started out at 3 p. m., but that is no sign he wasn't there for I had my hands full and it was a man's job to take care of one's self.

I walked from 5:30 p. m. until 12:30 back through the town of Very and about three miles in the rear of that where I found a Red Cross dressing station. I stayed there over night and the next day started for a hospital. I traveled all that day by truck and all that night by train. I have been in three hospitals. I don't remember the name of the town the first one was in but the second one was at Nantes. I stayed there eight days and then was shipped here.

Nantes is a pretty nice place. It has about 300,000 population. I didn't get to see much of it as we had to have a pass to get out, and I was broke so didn't care much about going down town.

Now about this place of Quiberon. Take a look at a map and you will find it just around the most north-western point of France. The town is about twenty miles out on a little hook right oposite "Belle Isle," if you can find that. This is a fishing town and a summer resort.

I've been here since the 16th of October and I am sure tired of it. This "frog" lingo is getting on my nerves.

I haven't had a pay-day since July and the last letter I got was from mother and was dated July 6th. I sure would like to hear from some one, but I guess it is not your fault.

Well, the job is all over and all that remains now to my idea is to get me home and get me there "toot sweet", that is "very quick" in "frog." Of course it isn't spelled anything like that, but that is the way it sounds.

Well, Dad, that's about all I can think of worth writing so will have to close, wishing you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and all that goes with them even if the state is dry. Wish I could be with you for we sure would put on a parade. I forgot to tell you how I am myself. My arm was all healed up about a month ago but it left it a little weak as I was shot right through the wrist joint. It won't stand a strain, but it may get better in time.

Your son,  
BRUCE.

### FAIRVIEW

Services will be resumed at Smith Memorial Presbyterian church, Fairview next Sunday. No new cases of influenza have developed and those who have been ill are steadily improving.

Frank Eder has been discharged from the service and is now at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Eder near Pleasant Home. He had been for some time in a training camp in Virginia and was mustered out at Camp Lewis.

## DEATH OF MRS. DIMPLE JONES



MRS. DIMPLE JONES.

Mrs. Dimple Jones, well known in Gresham and vicinity, died at the Good Samaritan hospital on Tuesday evening last. Her funeral took place this afternoon from the undertaking chapel of P. L. Lerch, with burial in Greenwood cemetery. Dr. Alfred Thompson officiated at the services which were private.

The pallbearers were all from Gresham. They were Mayor George Kenney, John Brown, Matt Shanno, H. Gerdes, Frank Jones and E. W. Stratton. Singers were Misses Grace Hartley and Ruth Hartley.

Miss Mildred St. Clair was the accompanist.

The following tribute to the deceased was written by Milo C. King her friend and legal adviser.

Gresham, Ore., Jan. 16, 1919.

Editor Outlook:—Mrs. Dimple Jones died of influenza-pneumonia at the Good Samaritan hospital Tuesday night at 10 o'clock January 14th, 1919. Owing to quarantine restrictions there were at her bedside, of her relatives and friends, only her sister and brother-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. Alden M. Chamberlin of Portland and Milo C. King of Gresham. Though the young women nurses were exceptionally attentive and tender in their care of the patient during the seven last days that she was with them, nothing could prevail against the inevitable. She was attended by Dr. J. M. Short of the hospital, and by Dr. Mason during the first week of her illness at Beaverton where she had been assisting her mother at the former family home. Dr. Mason advised against her removal to the hospital by auto trip in the midst of her malady.

Mrs. Jones is survived by her mother, Mrs. Mary Mitzel and John Mitzel and Thomas Mitzel, brothers, residing at Beaverton, Oregon; and by Catherine Chamberlin, sister, of Portland; Mrs. Myrtle Garrison, sister, North Powder, Oregon; Mrs. Mollie Kiddel, sister, Vancouver, B. C.; Mrs. W. V. Brown, sister, Billings, Mont.; and Joseph Brooks, brother, in Nebraska.

Dimple Jones was born at Salem, Oregon, September 30th, 1873. Her mother was native English, and her father, Mr. Mitzel, whose first name was Columbia, was of German extraction. Her pet name, Dimple, suggestive of her loveliness in childhood and womanhood, was her only given name. She was peculiarly a child of nature. Though her early schooling was limited, her intuitive knowledge and love of animals and natural history and aptness of expression were such that a book she could write on the subject would take rank among the works of the learned. A bee would not sting her, a snake would not bite her and a pet toad would

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Raney have moved back to their home near Gresham from Tillamook, where they have lived for the past year.

Auto accessories for all cars. C. E. Osburn & Co.

follow her. While her voice, manner and activities were uniformly gentle and feminine, she had nothing in her nature that was akin to fear. Her neighbors who are reminiscent tell of her going alone into the timber at dead of night and waking up the neighborhood by shooting a pair of cougars which her dog had driven to the treetops.

Mr. Henry Jones, once an extensive land-owner and stockraiser of Oregon, and slabwood business man of Portland, was the nobleman who won her love and they were married in 1899. Though he was thirty years her senior, and thereafter failed in business and in health, she added sixteen years to his life by her singleness of devotion, defense of his battles and by the companionship, energy, wisdom, cheer and sunshine of her nature.

By reason of the loss of her husband in 1915, and over-exertion in her attentions to him in his last sickness, she broke down in health. Emerging from the Good Samaritan hospital after a run of serious illness, she returned to her country home farm near Gresham and was thereafter injured in a runaway accident when her life was again trembling in the balance. At this time, an additional friend came to her rescue; and by disposing of her horse, carriage and stock, by giving her two years of auto-riding, business and pleasure trips over the county and state, as well as leisure, recreation and diversion, the renewing of old acquaintances and making of others, she restored herself to perfect health, strength and weight. Such was her condition on the first day of the present year of our Lord when she was seized by the hand of fate.

Largely on her account and the statesmanship of Senator Harry Lane, a bill was enacted in congress extending pensions to the widows of civil war veterans who were married since 1881, and Dimple Jones received one of the first installments thereunder.

One evening about two years ago she said to me, "I have a feeling that we will never be married." Little did we think at the time that this was a premonition of her untimely death.

Her last intelligible words were: "I must go to sleep now, make me wake up; please, make me wake up."

All of us who were ever acquainted with Dimple Jones in the slightest, or more intimate, degree, must think of her as one of the bravest, loveliest and brightest of womankind. To think of her is to be inevitably reminded of the melodies of birds and running brooks, the fragrance of flowers, the beauties of nature, aeolian harps, crystal fountains, the music of the spheres and angel choirs.

MILC C. KING.

Clarence Stanley, who is critically ill with pneumonia meningitis, is reported slightly better today.

Spotlights and electric horns. C. E. Osburn & Co.

## PEOPLE IN FRANCE WENT WILD WHEN ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED AND ALSACE-LORRAINE WAS FREE

Two letters have been received from John Honey, who is yet in France in the auto convoy service. They were written after the armistice was signed, and depict some of the joyful experiences he witnessed in eastern France when the war ended:

France, Nov. 15, 1918.

I've been doing my best to get a cablegram off to you since the armistice was signed but have met with no luck whatever so far, but it's coming in a day or so if I have to bribe somebody to send it.

These are nice quiet days again. Almost hard to become accustomed to this more normal way of living, no raid alarms at night, no covering of lights, no noise. We were in Nancy the day the armistice was signed and what a celebration! The people went wild.

We left our American division in Belgium and convoyed back to eastern France and are now with a new French division, and on the way with the army of occupation into Boche land. This will be interesting, but I've had plenty and would be glad to be well finished with everything and back home.

November 29, 1918.

A good job was well finished when the armistice was signed on the 11th of November. Even now it seems rather difficult to realize that the "war" is no more, but a look at our comfortable bed, which for 50 years has been in Germany, or rather German Lorraine, brings it home that the Germans must have been severely trounced before they would consent to give up such a bed.

The censorship rules have been largely removed, we can tell now what we are doing or have done and where we are. We left Rheims the last of August, after being there about eleven months. They were a hard eleven months on the poor old city, and there is not much left to tell the tale. From Rheims the section was transferred to the 91st American Division, which was on reserve during the St. Mihiel clean up, but went into action for the first time in the big Argonne attack of the 26th of September.

The old westerners came through with lots of glory and punished Heineke badly. After a few days rest, we were entrained for Belgium, where the 91st took part in the attack which helped to run the Boches back from the coast. We were recalled after being in that attack for two days, and sent clear across France to Nancy, where another monster attack was about to be launched against Metz and vicinity, when the armistice was signed. The night before Nancy had been bombed, and almost every night before that, for she was one of the most thoroughly and efficiently bombed towns on the French side. The night of the eleventh the city had its street lights on the first time since 1914, so the people were naturally feeling rather cheerful and carefree. Besides that, they were French and feeling very friendly towards the Americans.

There was a celebration that I'll not soon forget. The people went wild.

At present we are with the 26th French Division and are within about

three kilometers of the German boundary prior to 1870. It is also about the same distance from Luxembourg, in a town called Sierk (or Sierck) on the Moselle river. We were in Metz when the French entered, and have been in the advance guard of the army of occupation.

An enclosing a few postcards of views taken in Sierk. It is very picturesque, being on the Moselle and in among the hills. An old fort crowning one of these overshadows our windows and a small stream runs under them, so to get a picture of the place all you have to do is to imagine some old medieval town. We're enjoying some of the "comforts" of war now, for we are able to get rooms in private homes. McAuley and I have a fine big room, electricity, and a wonderfully soft bed with the usual feather mattress over us and also a lace canopy. This all has several advantages over abandoned barns, etc. I gave the lady of the house some cake chocolate and since then they can not do enough for us. Said it was the first that they'd had for three years. This family had a son killed in the German army but he was forced in, for the sympathies of the family are all strongly pro-French. The farther that we've penetrated into Lorraine, the more pro-French people appear to be. We enter Germany the day after tomorrow, but the above ratio will undoubtedly take a sudden drop then. The way things look now, we'll probably strike the Rhine at Mainz (or Mayence), or between that place and Coblenz. Its one of the most interesting experiences that I've ever had, and well worth the time. We've certainly seen a lot of the front the past month and a half, and now going in with the first troops of occupation. This last trip is full of opportunities in the line of souvenirs. Two of us were in a barracks at Metz before the French had cleaned it out, and we picked up nine spiked helmets, all in perfect shape.

Incidentally, we went through the war without weapons. Now, we can't go out without side-arms. German fanatics are still loose, but not numerous.

I intended to tell you something about "No Man's Land" around Ypres. We crossed it about a week after the Boches had been driven back north of Roulers, and about the only impression one gets is of miles of overlapping shell holes filled with stinking water and thickly inhabited by fat, sleek rats. Now and then a sign board will bear the sign "Ici Poelcappelle", "Ici Langermarck", or "Ici Passchendaele", but outside of the sign post there would be not even rubbish piles left of the towns. There is not a tree in the country, even the stumps being leveled by shell fire. The road, or rather what road there was, had as a border several dozen British tanks, either wrecked by shells, stuck in the mud, or burnt. Flanders mud is in a class all its own, and I feel respect for even the Boche for fighting in that slime for four years. The British certainly had a disagreeable task. Lieutenant Randon, a Stanford man, has replaced Lieutenant Eno. You probably remember that we had dinner in New York with his brother, who is in aviation.

## —AND THE GERMANS ASK US TO FORGET



The Germans send allied prisoners of war back to us like this, then ask us to forgive and forget—and send them food. This is a new and exclusive photograph, showing British prisoners who have been allowed to get home (under terms of the armistice), virtually all suffering from disease and malnutrition, starved, while the Huns had plenty for themselves. This is just one of the thousands of reasons why the German whine for "an easy peace" will be ignored.